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# Thoughtful Hours

By H. L. L.





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THOUGHTFUL HOURS.







# THOUGHTFUL HOURS.

By H. L. L.,

*Author (in part) of "Hymns from the Land of Luther."*



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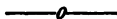
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## PREFACE.



MOST of the following Poems have appeared in various Periodicals, and some of them have been printed together, under the title of "*Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours.*" The favourable reception given to these by the public, has led to the whole being collected in the present volume.

EDINBURGH, Dec. 1862.







THOUGHTFUL HOURS.







THOUGHTFUL HOURS.



Some enemies are driven back, some ramparts over-  
thrown;

Some earnest given that victory at length shall be  
our own !

Rejoice, my fellow-servant ! for another year is  
past;

The heat and burden of the day will not for ever  
last;

And yet the work is pleasant now, and sweet the  
Master's smile,

And well may we be diligent through all our "little  
while."

Rejoice, my Christian brother ! for the race is nearer  
run,

And home is drawing nearer with each revolving  
sun;

And if some ties are breaking here, of earthly hope  
and love,

More sweet are the attractions of the better land  
*above.*

The light that shone through all the past will still our  
steps attend,  
The Guide who led us hitherto will lead us to the  
end;  
The distant view is brightening;—with fewer clouds  
between,  
The golden streets are gleaming now, the pearly gates  
are seen.

Oh, for the joyous greetings there! to meet and part  
no more!  
For ever with the Lord and all his loved ones gone  
before!  
New mercies from our Father's hand with each new  
year may come,  
But that will be the best of all—a blissful welcome  
home.





## " O LORD, THOU KNOWEST !"

**T**HOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest :  
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed,  
I come before thee at thy gracious word,  
And lay them at thy feet,—thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past,—how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed,—  
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid,  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the  
pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and strength  
*again.*



Thou knowest all the present,—each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;  
All to myself assigned of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear!  
All pensive memories, as I journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone!

Thou knowest all the future,—gleams of gladness,  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast,—  
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last.—  
Oh, what could confidence and hope afford  
To tread that path, but this,—*thou knowest, Lord!*

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing,—  
As man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved;  
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
Oh, Saviour! thou hast wept, and thou hast  
loved!  
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,  
And find a *hiding-place*, a rest, a home.

Therefore I come, thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay my sins and sorrows at thy feet,  
On everlasting strength my weakness staying,  
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete:  
Then rising and refreshed, I leave thy throne,  
And follow on to know as I am known!





ANTICIPATIONS.



AND is the time approaching,  
By prophets long foretold,  
When all shall dwell together,  
One Shepherd, and one fold?

Shall every idol perish,  
"To moles and bats" be thrown?  
And every prayer be offered  
To God in Christ alone?

Shall Jew and Gentile meeting  
From many a distant shore,  
Around one altar kneeling,  
One common Lord adore?

Shall all that now divides us  
Remove, and pass away,  
Like shadows of the morning  
Before the blaze of day?

Shall all that now unites us  
More sweet and lasting prove,  
A closer bond of union,  
In a blest land of love?

Shall war be learned no longer?  
Shall strife and tumult cease?  
All earth his blessed kingdom,  
The Lord and Prince of Peace!

O long-expected dawning,  
Come, with thy cheering ray!  
When shall the morning brighten,  
*The shadows flee away?*

O sweet anticipation !  
It cheers the watchers on,  
To pray, and hope, and labour,  
Till the dark night be gone.





### A REAL INCIDENT.

The affecting incident which gave rise to these verses occurred as related, in 1855, in the north of Scotland.



TWO brothers left their cottage home  
On a bright April morn ;  
The lark was singing in the sky,  
The linnet on the thorn ;  
Their mother watched them as they sped,  
So gaily up the hill,  
No thought of fear was in her heart,  
No shade of coming ill.

But evening came—and they came not,—  
Then a long stormy night  
Of agonizing fears wore on ;  
*And, with the morning light,*

An eager, sympathizing band,  
Took in a boat their way,  
Round the dark rocks which girdled in  
A small sequestered bay.

The dark red precipices rose  
Sheer from the deep below,  
With caverns hollowed by the waves  
Of ages long ago.  
'Twas a wild spot,—a giddy height  
To look at from beneath;  
And from above, one thoughtless step  
Were sure and fearful death.

A narrow space of stones and sand  
The low tides had left bare,—  
There was a brief and anxious search,—  
They found the lost ones there!  
Clasped in each other's arms they lay,  
All lifeless, pale, and cold,—  
Oh, what a tale of agony  
Did the first glance unfold!

With one the mortal strife had passed,  
All aid for him was vain;  
But one still breathed,—*he* lived to see  
His mother's face again.  
And ere his spirit passed away,  
They asked him, "Was it not  
An awful night of pain and fear  
You spent on that lone spot,

With the wild precipice above,  
And *death* so close beside?"  
But with a placid look and smile,  
The dying boy replied,—  
"*Our grandmother was with us there;*  
She stayed the whole night long;  
And through the noise of winds and waves  
I always heard her song;

"The old low song she used to sing  
So often, long ago,  
When we were young,—before she died,  
*And went to heaven, you know.*



And when I knew that *she* was near,  
I could not feel afraid."—  
'Twas a strange answer!—who shall tell  
The meaning it conveyed?

Was 'it some idle phantasy  
Of the boy's fevered brain,  
That cheered him through those dreary hours  
Of mortal fear and pain,—  
Some passing sounds by fancy borne  
On the cold midnight air?  
Or did the kindred spirit come,  
And keep love's vigil there?

Answer us, blessed souls in rest,  
From your bright homes on high!  
Tell us, if still on this poor earth  
Ye look with pitying eye,—  
If the departed still may come,  
In hours of want and woe,  
As "ministering spirits" sent  
To those they loved below?

Vain questions of the weary soul!  
We know the Voice that said,  
“Let not your hearts, who trust in Me,  
Be troubled or afraid;  
For I am with you evermore  
According to my word.”—  
Let this suffice for faith and hope;  
So be it, gracious Lord!





IT IS WELL.

“He hath done all things well.”—MARK vii. 37.

**S**O they said, who saw the wonders  
Of Messiah's power and love; —  
So they sing, who see his glory  
In the Father's house above;  
Ever reading, in each record  
Of the strangely varied past,  
“All was well which God appointed,  
All has wrought for good at last.”

And on earth we hear the echoes  
Of that chorus in the sky;  
Through the day of toil or weeping,  
Faith can raise a glad reply.

It is well, O saints departed,  
Well with you, for ever blest;  
Well with us, who journey forward  
To your glory and your rest!

Times are changing, days are flying,  
Years are quickly past and gone,  
While the wildly mingled murmur  
Of life's busy hum goes on;  
Sounds of tumult, sounds of triumph,  
Marriage chimes and passing-bell,—  
Yet through all one key-note sounding,  
Angels' watchword,—“ It is well.”

We may hear it, through the rushing  
Of the midnight tempest's wave,—  
We may hear it, through the weeping  
Round the newly covered grave;  
In the dreary house of mourning,  
In the darkened room of pain,  
If we listen meekly, rightly,  
*We may catch that soothing strain.*

For thine arm thou hast not shortened,  
Neither turned away thine ear,  
O Saviour, ever ready  
The afflicted's prayer to hear!  
Show us light, still surely resting  
Over all thy darkest ways;  
Give us faith, still surely trusting  
Through the sad and evil days.

And thus, while years are fleeting,  
Though our joys are with them gone,  
In thy changeless love rejoicing  
We shall journey calmly on;  
Till at last, all sorrow over,  
Each our tale of grace shall tell,  
In the heavenly chorus joining,—  
“Lord, thou hast done all things well!”





## “HOW LONG?”

How long, Lord? wilt thou hide thyself for ever? Return,  
O Lord, how long?—Ps. lxxxix. 46; xc. 13.

**H**OW long, O Lord, in weariness and sorrow,  
Must thy poor people tread the pilgrim  
road,

Mourning to-day, and fearing for to-morrow,—  
Finding no place of rest, no sure abode!—

Sighing o'er faded flowers and cisterns broken;  
Gazing on setting suns, that rise no more;  
List'ning to sad farewells, and last words spoken  
By loved ones leaving us on Jordan's shore!

How long, through snares of error and temptation  
Shall noblest spirits stumble on their way?  
How long, through darkening storms of tribulation,  
*Must we press forward to eternal day?*

How long shall passing faults and trifles sever  
Hearts that have known affection's holy tie?  
When shall the slanderer's tale be hushed for ever,  
And brethren see in all things eye to eye?

How long shall last the night of toil and sadness,  
The midnight hour of gloomy doubts and fears?  
When shall it dawn, that promised morn of gladness,  
When thine own hand shall wipe away our tears?

How long, O Lord? our hearts are sad and weary,  
Our voices join the whole creation's groan;—  
With eager gaze we watch for thine appearing,—  
When wilt thou come again, and claim thine own?

Return! return! come in thy power and glory,  
With all thy risen saints and angel throng;  
Bring to a close time's strange, mysterious story,—  
How long dost thou delay,—O Lord, how long?





## DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

ZECH. xiv. 6, 7.



DO not doubt my safety,—that Thy hand  
Will still uphold, and guard me to the  
last;

And that my feet on Canaan's hills shall stand,  
When the long wilderness is overpast;  
But often faith is weak, and hope is low,—  
Forward, indeed, but faint and wearily I go.

I do not doubt *Thy* love, my Lord, my God!

The love which suffered and which died for me;  
The love which sought me on the downward road,  
Unclassed the fetters, set the captive free;  
But mine seems now so languid, dull, and cold,—  
*O for the blissful hours which I have known of old!*



I do not doubt thy wise and holy will  
Is ever guiding, ruling for the best;  
I know my chast'ning Father loves me still,  
And that the end is everlasting rest;—  
But when the path through clouds and tombs leads on,  
Oh, it is hard to say, Thy will, not mine, be done!

I do not doubt, unworthy though I be,  
Thy worthiness, my Saviour, is my own;  
One of thy many mansions is for me,  
In the good land where sorrow is unknown;—  
But often clouds obscure the distant scene,  
And from the flood I shrink, which darkly rolls  
between.

Ah! whence this dullness? why, O faithless heart,  
Thus sadly linger on the pilgrim way?  
Why not with girded robes arise, depart,  
And speed thy progress to the land of day?  
Nor longer mourn the present or the past,  
But press towards the prize, which shall be thine at  
last.

Lord, at the evening time let there be light!

Unveil thy presence, bid all darkness fly;

Surely, ere now, far spent must be the night,

The morning comes, the journey's end is nigh.

Renew my strength, the shortened race to run,

Till glory crown the work which grace has here  
begun!





A PARTING SCENE.

**T**HE evening shadows darkened o'er a long  
calm summer day,  
When we gathered in the chamber where a  
dying brother lay;  
A brave yet gentle spirit, whose earthly course was run,  
Whose life of love and labour closed with that bright  
setting sun.

Not many words were spoken, not many sighs were  
heard,  
As through the quiet twilight-hour we watched and  
ministered,  
And felt as only they can feel, who count such  
moments o'er,  
While gazing on the form beloved they soon must see  
no more!

And one, of all the dearest, was nearest to his side,  
In silent anguish bending under grief's o'erflowing  
tide;

So long, in sorrow and in joy, had these two hearts  
been one,

It seemed as though she could not stay, if he indeed  
were gone.

But earthly joys and sorrows for him were ended  
now,—

The calmness of a better land was resting on his  
brow;

And when to that sad mourner he softly turned and  
spoke,

It was as though a spirit-voice the solemn stillness  
broke:—

“Now my last prayer is answered, my last desire is  
given,—

Each hope of earth is yielded up, each wish transferred  
to heaven;

From nature's latest weakness my Saviour sets me  
free,—

He gives me strength to separate, Elizabeth, *from  
thee!*"

And strangely mournful earnestness was in his look  
and tone,

As slowly from her trembling hand he disengaged his  
own;—

While on our sinking hearts a cloud of deeper dark-  
ness fell,

A shadow from the sepulchre came with that last  
farewell.

But the pale weeper started, and faith and courage  
high,

Gave sudden colour to her cheek, and brightness to  
her eye,

**While** she spoke in words which sounded like a  
whisper from above,

**An** angel-message sent us by the God of light and  
love:—

"Not so, my friend and brother! I take this hand  
again,

In token of a lasting bond, unbroken to remain!  
Still as mine own I claim it, I clasp it to my heart;  
For those in Christ united, not death itself can part!"

Then a gleam of heavenly radiance illumed those  
dying eyes,

Like sunbeams breaking suddenly through clouded  
evening skies;—

And thus a noble spirit passed from mortal toils away,  
And earthly twilight was exchanged for everlasting  
day!





**"AT EVENING TIME THERE SHALL  
BE LIGHT."**



**LIGHT** at the evening time!

Oh, blessed hope, when on the waters  
dark

Faith's straining eye can scarce discern the Ark,  
And the poor dove, in weary flight around,  
No olive branch has found!

Light at the evening time!

Oh, blessed hope, when brightest suns have set  
In strange eclipse, while it was noonday yet,  
And we remain in chill and silent fear  
Within the shadow drear!

Light at the evening time!

Oh, precious promise, shining through the gloom,  
When a sad nation stands around the tomb  
Where Genius sleeps, and dearest hopes are laid  
Low in death's awful shade!

Light at the evening time!

Oh, cheering thought, when Thy mysterious ways  
Leave us, O Father, in the strange amaze  
Where faith can only anchor on that word,  
"So hast thou willed, good Lord!"

Light at the evening time!

Yes, suddenly and dark the thunder-cloud  
May wrap the skies of noon in deepest shroud,  
But the sun is not quenched,—a golden ray  
Shall come ere close of day.

Light at the evening time!

Oh, God of love! no darkness dwells with thee,  
And in thy light at last we light shall see;  
Thy covenant of promise faileth never,—  
Thine own are thine for ever!



Light at the evening time!  
Let us walk forward, through the cloudy day,  
Till we arrive where storms are passed away,  
And all eternity's disclosures tell,  
God hath done all things well!

Dec. 29, 1856.





## PRAYER OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

“From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.”—Ps. lxi. 2.



ALL in weakness, all in sorrow,  
O my God, I come once more,  
Lifting up the sad petition  
Thou hast often heard before,  
In the former days of darkness,  
In the time of need of yore.

For a present help in trouble  
Thou hast never ceased to be,  
Since at first a weeping sinner  
Fell before thee trustingly;  
And thy voice is ever sounding,  
“O ye weary, come to Me.”

Lord, thou knowest all the weakness  
Of the creatures thou hast made,  
For with mortal imperfection  
Thou didst once thy glory shade;  
Thou hast loved and thou hast sorrowed,  
In the veil of flesh arrayed.

Thus I fear not to approach thee  
With my sorrow and my care;  
Hear my mourning supplication,  
Cast not out my humble prayer!  
Lay not on a greater burden  
Than thy feeble child can bear!

Earth has lost its best attractions,  
All the brightest stars are gone,—  
All is clouded now and cheerless,  
Where so long a glory shone:  
Where I walked with loved companions,  
I must wander now alone.

---

All is dark on the horizon,  
Clouds returning after rain ;—  
Faith is languid, Hope is weary,  
And the questions rise again,  
“ Doth the promise fail for ever?  
Hast thou made all men in vain ?”

O my God, rebuke the tempter,  
Let not unbelief prevail!  
Pray for me, thy feeble servant,  
That my weak faith may not fail,  
Nor my Hope let go her anchor  
When the waves and storms assail!

All these passing, changing shadows,  
All these brief, bright joys below,—  
Let me grasp them not so closely,  
Nor desire nor prize them so!  
Nor endure this bitter anguish  
When thou bid'st me let them go!

O Redeemer, shall one perish  
Who has looked to thee for aid?  
Let me see thee, let me hear thee,  
Through the gloomy midnight shade;  
Let me hear thy voice of comfort,  
"It is I; be not afraid!"

For when feeling *thou* art near me,  
All my loneliness is o'er,  
And the tempter's dark suggestions  
Can oppress my soul no more;—  
I shall dread the path no longer  
Where thyself hast gone before.

And the lights of earth all fading,  
I can gaze on tearlessly,  
When the glory that excelleth,  
When the light of life, I see.  
Whom beside, in earth or heaven,  
Should my heart desire, but thee?





## ALL THINGS NEW.

2 COR. v. 17; REV. xxi. 5.



THOU makest all things new!

Old things have passed away,—the hopes  
and fears,

The joys and griefs, of unconverted years:  
And as they sunk at once, or slowly fled,  
Some sighs were heaved, some bitter tears were shed;  
For not without a pang can the fond heart  
From its long-cherished idols bear to part:  
But that is over,—if some joys were there,  
Oh, how much more of sorrow and of care!  
Let them depart; or, in the silent hour  
When Memory reigns with her resistless power,  
If they return to haunt the soul again  
With fond regrets, and images of pain,

Then to thyself, all weary and oppressed,  
Help us, O Lord, to fly, and find our rest;  
And let all mental storm and conflict cease,  
Before thy words of blessing and of peace.

Thou makest all things new!  
Within the broken heart new hopes arise,  
New prospects cheer the mourner's weeping eyes;  
Over the gloomy past a light has shone,  
And all its phantoms of despair are flown;  
From the dark future comes a cheering ray,  
The smiling dawn of an eternal day.  
New sweetness breathes in every present bliss,  
And sorrow's cup has lost its bitterness;  
New motives, objects, energies, extend  
All through life's journey, to the welcome end.  
—Shame on the faithless heart and feeble knees  
Which falter on, uncheered by thoughts like these!  
Rather, with hearts enlarged, and eager pace,  
Strengthen us, Lord, to run th' appointed race,  
Above all nature's weakness bravely rise,  
And press towards the mark, to gain the prize!

Thou makest all things new!  
New upon earth, and, oh! what vistas given  
Of brighter hopes to be fulfilled in heaven!  
Eye hath not seen, and words may not declare,  
The things prepared for thy redeemed ones there;  
Where countless myriads, one in heart and voice,  
In the new song of love and praise rejoice,—  
“Worthy art thou, O Saviour divine;  
Glory and honour be for ever thine!  
For us thyself hast suffered and obeyed,—  
With thine own blood our ransom thou hast paid;  
Now faultless we appear before thy throne,—  
The bliss is ours, the glory all thine own:  
Strong in thy strength, the weakest have prevailed,  
Of all thy promises not one has failed,—  
All is fulfilled, which faith and hope received,  
When on the earth we saw not, yet believed;  
All the report we heard in days of old,  
All has been true,—but not the half was told!”







## EBENEZER.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—I SAM. vii. 12.



THUS far the Lord hath led us on,—in darkness and in day,

Through all the varied stages of the narrow homeward way.

Long since, *he* took that journey, he trod that path alone;

Its trials and its dangers full well himself hath known.

Thus far the Lord hath led us,—the promise has not failed,

The enemy encountered oft has never quite prevailed:  
The shield of faith has turned aside, or quenched each fiery dart;

The Spirit's sword, in weakest hands, has forced him to depart.

Thus far the Lord hath led us,—the waters have been  
high,

But yet in passing through them we felt that he was  
nigh.

A very present helper in trouble we have found;  
His comforts most abounded when our sorrows did  
abound.

Thus far the Lord hath led us,—our need has been  
supplied,

And mercy has encompassed us about on every side;  
Still falls the daily manna, the pure rock-fountains flow,  
And many flowers of love and hope along the way-  
side grow.

Thus far the Lord hath led us,—and will he now for-  
sake

The feeble ones whom for his own it pleased him to  
take?

Oh, never, never! earthly friends may cold and faith-  
less prove,

*But his is changeless pity, and everlasting love.*

Calmly we look behind us, on joys and sorrows past;  
We know that all is mercy now, and shall be well at  
last.

Calmly we look before us,—we fear no future ill;  
Enough for safety and for peace, if *thou* art with us  
still.

Yes, “They that know thy name, O Lord, shall put  
their trust in thee,”

While nothing in themselves but sin and helplessness  
they see.

The race thou hast appointed us, with patience we  
can run;

Thou wilt perform unto the end the work thou hast  
begun.





## LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

“Always abounding in the work of the Lord.”—  
I COR. xv. 58.

**C**OME, labour on!  
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain?  
While all around him waves the golden  
grain,  
And to each servant does the Master say,  
“Go, work to-day!”

Come, labour on!  
Claim the high calling angels cannot share,—  
To young and old the gospel gladness bear;  
Redeem the time, its hours too swiftly fly,  
*The night draws nigh.*

Come, labour on!

The labourers are few, the field is wide,  
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied;  
From voices distant far, or near at home,  
The call is, "Come!"

Come, labour on!

The enemy is watching, night and day,  
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away.  
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,  
*He* slumbered not.

Come, labour on!

Away with gloomy doubts and faithless fear!  
No arm so weak but may do service here;  
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil  
His righteous will.

Come, labour on!

No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,—  
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on!  
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,  
Blessed are those who to the end endure;—  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
O Lord, with thee!





## REST.

“We which have believed do enter into rest.”—HEB. iv. 3.



REST, weary soul!

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,  
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;  
Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done,  
Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine own.  
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,  
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary heart!  
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,  
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain;  
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,  
All shall be blessedness and light at last;  
Cast off the cares that have so long oppress,—  
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary head!  
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,  
Light from above has broken through its gloom.  
Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay,  
Where he shall wake thee on a future day,  
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,  
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, spirit free!  
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,  
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;  
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,  
Beside the streams of life eternal led,  
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,—  
Rest, sweetly rest!








THE DESIRED HAVEN.\*

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word."—LUKE ii. 29.

"ORD, the waves are breaking o'er me and  
around;  
Oft of coming tempests I hear the moan-  
ing sound;

Here there is no safety, rocks on either hand,—  
'Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and hostile land;  
Wherefore should I linger? others gone before  
Long since safe are landed on a calm and friendly  
shore:

Now the sailing orders in mercy, Lord, bestow,—  
Loose the cable, let me go!

---

\* These verses were first printed, by a mistake, among some translations from the German.

Lord, the night is closing round my feeble bark ;  
How shall I encounter its watches long and dark ?  
Sorely worn and shattered by many a billow past,  
Can I stand another rude and stormy blast ?  
Ah ! the promised haven I never may attain,  
Sinking and forgotten amid the lonely main ;  
Enemies around me, gloomy depths below,—  
Loose the cable, let me go !

Lord, I would be near thee, with thee where thou art ;  
Thine own word hath said it, 'tis 'better to depart'  
There to serve thee better, there to love thee more,  
With thy ransomed people to worship and adore.  
Ever to thy presence thou dost call thine own ;  
Why am I remaining, helpless and alone ?  
Oh, to see thy glory, thy wondrous love to know !—  
Loose the cable, let me go !

Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,  
Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar.  
Long beloved voices calling me I hear,—  
*Oh, how sweet their summons falls upon my ear !*

Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold ;  
There is fond affection, fondly proved of old !  
Let me haste to join them ; may it not be so?—  
Loose the cable, let me go !”

Hark, the solemn answer!—hark, the promise sure!  
“Blessed are the servants who to the end endure!  
Yet a little longer hope and tarry on,  
Yet a little longer, weak and weary one!  
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love ;  
More my strength and wisdom and faithfulness to  
prove ;  
Then the sailing orders the Captain *shall* bestow,—  
Loose the cable, let thee go !”





### THE CALL OBEYED.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—MATT. xi. 28.



SAVIOUR, I come for rest!  
To thy call of love replying,  
On thy word of grace relying,  
All weary and opprest;  
My sin, and grief, and care,  
Now to thy feet I bring, to leave them there.

I wandered long and far,  
In the groves of Folly playing,  
On the wastes of Error straying,  
No guard or guiding star;  
Blindly I wandered on  
Seeking around for rest, and finding none.

All became cold and drear,—  
The wayside blossoms faded,  
Dark clouds the sunshine shaded,  
No sound of hope or cheer;  
Darkness on all the past,  
And a dark gulf before, which must be reached at last.

But then thy voice I heard;—  
O how free the invitation!  
O how glorious the salvation  
Revealed in every word!  
I heard, as captives hear  
The trumpet tones which tell of a deliverer near.

I heard, and I obey.  
Thy precious blood has bought me,  
Thy wondrous love has sought me,  
And brought me here to-day,—  
Here, to thy mercy's throne,  
Pleading thy power to save, thy merits to atone.

My Saviour, thou wilt hear!  
Simply thy love believing,  
Freely thy grace rectiving,  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
Unchanged thy words remain,  
That not one sinful soul should seek thy grace in vain.

Whom can I seek but thee?  
Thou hast borne the load so weary,  
Thou hast trod the path so dreary,  
To set the captives free.  
No further would I roam,  
But close to thee abide, through all my journey home.

Home, with thyself at last!  
In the clear light of heaven  
To see all sin forgiven,  
All grief and danger past,  
For ever safe and blest!—  
Lord, I believe, I love, I enter into rest!





**"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."**

"In the night his song shall be with me."—Ps. xlii. 8.



Is it night with thee, my brother?  
Is there darkness on thy soul?  
Over the hopes and joys of earth  
Do the clouds of sorrow roll?  
Is thy spirit faint within thee,  
Watching for morning light?  
Come, then, let us sing together,  
A song of faith, in the night.

Let us cheer the hours of darkness  
With a tale of sunshine past,  
Or thoughts of a glory yet to shine  
When the morning breaks at last;

Through our present toil and sorrow  
Let us look for joys to come;  
And sing in the exile stranger land  
Of the love and rest at home.

In weariness, pain, and weakness,  
Have thy long years passed away?  
Is thy free born spirit imprisoned now  
In its shattered house of clay?  
Come, sing of the joyful moment  
That will set the captive free;  
Of the new, and strong, and deathless frame  
Which at length thine own shall be.

Has many a hope deceived thee?  
Has many a promise failed?  
Has the Enemy, with his fiery darts,  
Oft thy sinking soul assailed?  
Think of the mighty Victor  
Who has braved for thee his power,—  
We may sing of the conquest Christ hath won,  
In our weakest and darkest hour.



To the cold, dark place of silence,  
Are thy best beloved ones gone?  
In the ways so often together trod  
Must thou sadly walk alone?  
Listen, and catch some echoes,  
Some notes of a heavenly strain;  
We shall sing it soon in our Father's house,  
When the lost are found again.

Or is a yet deeper anguish  
Oppressing thy lonely heart?  
Is it sadder far from *living* love  
Than from buried love to part?  
Turn from earth's failing friendships  
To the sinner's changeless Friend,  
And sing of Him, who has loved us long,  
Who will love us "to the end."

Yes, sing in the night, my brother,  
A soft and a soothing song  
Of Him, whose faithfulness and love  
Will give to thee light ere long.

Sing on, though but low and broken  
As yet may the accents rise,—  
At length they shall mingle, full and clear,  
In the anthem of the skies!





WELLS OF MARAH.

“And they went three days in the wilderness, and found no water. And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.”—  
EXOD. xv. 22, 23.



Y Marah's bitter fountains the hosts of Israel  
stand,

As evening closes round them, a sad and  
weary band.

While sounds of lamentation rise in the summer air,  
The wail of woman's anguish, the groan of man's  
despair.

Three days of desert journey their pilgrim feet have  
trod,

Since through the parted billows they took their mid-  
night road;

And since on those returning waves the morning sun-  
beams shone,  
No other waters have they found, in all their journey-  
ing on.

One hope alone sustained them, and hushed the  
thought of fear,—

“The wells of Marah are at hand, each hour we come  
more near:”

And now they gain the fountain side, they stand upon  
the brink,

They see the limped water rise, they taste—and dare  
not drink!

O bitter disappointment! O hope deferred, deceived!  
Where is the guide they trusted, where the promise  
they believed?

We blame the weakness of their faith, but sorely it  
was tried;

And even Moses' heart might sink, till to the Lord  
he cried.

Ah! still the wells of Marah lie beside *our* pilgrim  
way,  
And Israel's old sorrow may be still our own to-day ;  
When some loved object long desired, and long pur-  
sued, we gain,  
And find too late the glory fled, the hope and promise  
vain.

Well then for those, in such an hour, who know what  
Moses knew,  
And turn to Him who changeth not, the faithful One  
and true ;  
And from his loving heart receive, and from his  
gracious hand,  
The cure for every ill they meet through all the  
desert land.

For in the wilderness of earth still grows the healing  
tree,  
Unchanged in all its wondrous power to soothe and  
remedy ;

Still, answering the cry of faith, will God the gift  
bestow,  
To pour a sweetness in each cup of bitter human  
woe.

And of that mighty secret when our spirits are  
possest,  
We bless the storm that drove us to the haven of our  
rest;  
We bless the disappointments that have darkened  
earthly skies,  
And taught our hearts to nobler joys above the clouds  
to rise.

And now we do not ask to pass the bitter fountains by,  
But that our God may meet us there, to bless and  
sanctify;  
And so to lead us onward, till the wilderness be  
passed,  
And safely to the land of rest we enter in at last.





## MEMORIES.

**W**HEN fall the evening shadows, long and  
deep, across the hill;  
When all the air is fragrance, and all the  
breezes still;

When the summer sun seems pausing above the  
mountain's brow,  
As if he left reluctantly a scene so lovely now;—

Then I linger on the pathway, and I fondly gaze, and  
long,  
As if reading some old story those deep purple clouds  
among.

Then Memory approaches, holding up her magic  
glass,  
Pointing to familiar figures, which across the surface  
pass.

And often do I question, as I view that phantom  
train,  
Whether most with joy or sadness I behold them  
thus again.

They are there, those scenes of beauty, where life's  
brightest hours have fled,  
And I haste, with dear companions, the old paths  
again to tread;

But suddenly dissolving, all the loveliness is flown,—  
I find a thorny wilderness, where I must walk alone.

Thou art there, so loved and honoured, as in each  
former hour,  
When we read thine eye's deep meaning, when we  
heard thy words of power;



When our souls, as willing captives, have sought to  
follow thine,  
Tracing the eternal footsteps of Might and Love  
Divine.

But o'er that cherished image falls a veil of clouds  
and gloom,  
And beside a bier I tremble, or I weep above a tomb.

And ever will the question come, O Memory! again,  
Whether in thy magic mirror there is most of bliss or  
pain?

Would I not wish the brightness were for ever hid  
from view,  
If but those hours of darkness could be all for-  
gotten too?

Then weary and desponding, my spirit seeks to rise  
Away from earthly conflicts, from mortal smiles or  
sighs.

I do not think the blessed ones with Jesus have  
forgot

The changing joys and sorrows which have marked  
their earthly lot;

But now, on Memory's record their eyes can calmly  
dwell;

They can see, what here they trusted, God hath done  
all things well.

And vain regrets and longings are as old things  
passed away,—

No shadows dim the sunshine of that bright eternal  
day!

*July 1857.*





"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

**L**ET there be light ! oh, speak that word again,  
Father of mercies, to this longing heart !  
Come to my soul, like sunshine after rain,  
Bidding the clouds of grief and fear depart.

On memory's desert places,—on the ways  
Where sadly I have walked through sorrow's night,  
Now let the star of promise shed its rays ;  
Now, looking back, O God, let there be light !

Let there be light, where shades the deepest fall  
Of long-remembered sins, remorse, despair:  
Shine upon Calvary's cross, and show me all  
Endured *for me* by the great Sufferer there.

Let there be light upon the lowly tomb,  
Where grief too deep for tears has bowed my  
head;

Some rays from heaven to dissipate the gloom,  
Beneath whose shadow one loved spirit fled.

Give light on those sad hours, whose parting pain  
Still thrills with anguish through the years long  
past;

Light on the meeting-place, where once again  
Love hopes to find her own with thee at last;

Light on the future journey, all unknown,  
The chequered path of life which lies before;  
Light on its close,—the valley dark and lone,  
The Jordan's stormy wave, and distant shore.

•


Why should I walk in darkness, when thy light,  
O Sun of Righteousness, shines here around?  
When to the land where there is no more night  
Now, by thy grace, my pilgrim steps are bound?

Give light, O Lord ; or if it still delay,  
If still a shaded pathway mine must be,  
Give the calm faith that watches for the day,  
And through the darkness trusts and rests on  
thee.





## AWAKENINGS.

“ROM thy long winter sleep,  
Nature, arise!”  
Thus speaks the Voice divine  
From yonder skies.  
Then murmurs soft and low  
Answer the call,—  
Voices of bird and bee,  
And fountain's fall.  
The balmy breezes come,  
The gentle rain ;  
All over vale and hill  
Life wakes again.

“From sin's long deadly sleep,  
Poor soul, arise!”  
Thus sounded Mercy's voice  
From yonder skies.

Then Satan's captive woke,  
And burst his chain;  
The dreams of midnight fled,  
All false and vain.  
The mighty Friend drew near,  
Faithful and true;  
Old things had passed away,  
All was made new!

"From sorrow's heavy sleep,  
Sad heart, arise!"  
So spoke the voice of Love  
From yonder skies.  
Then through fast falling tears  
Hope's rainbow stole;  
Her soothing song was heard  
Within my soul,—  
"His promise hath not failed  
Through the sad past;  
Weeping has long endured,  
Joy comes at last!"

“From death’s long winter sleep,  
My people, rise!”  
Soon shall that summons sound  
From yonder skies.  
Then from far severed graves,  
O’er land and sea,  
How gladly shall we haste,  
O Lord, to thee !  
Soon shall that morning dawn,  
This night be gone ;—  
Beloved ones ! till then  
In hope rest on !







STREAMS BY THE WAY.

“I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen.”—ISA. xliii. 20.



THE channels are on earth, the fountain is above,  
Hid in the secret depths of God's unchanging love;  
And, as we onward go,  
The healing waters flow,  
Refreshing weary souls and fainting hearts below.

Have we not found it thus, thro' all the changing past?  
Is not the promise sure, unfailing to the last?  
Even in a desert land,  
If but our Lord command,  
Rivers of hope shall rise, and flow on either hand.

Arise, believing soul ! give praise with cheerful voice,  
And in thy Father's gifts with thankful heart rejoice ;—  
His earnest, and no more,  
Of better things in store,  
Ready to fill thy cup, when days on earth are o'er.

Arise, desponding heart ! if here the streams be dry,  
Still in the springs above remains a full supply.  
No longer sadly mourn  
Beside a broken urn,  
But to the Source itself for living waters turn.

Forward, in Jesus' name ! our journey is unknown,  
But well we know the end, before our Father's throne ;  
There, at the fountain side,  
For ever to abide,  
All labours overpaid, all longings satisfied !





## LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

“We would see Jesus.”—JOHN xii. 21.

**W**E would see Jesus;—all is gloom around us,  
Dark shadows falling from the years gone by;  
The sins of other days, like phantoms rising,  
Lifting their hands for justice to the sky!  
Where shall we hide us from these pale accusers?  
How shall we answer to the judgment call?  
Oh, for one sight of him, our own Redeemer,  
Bearing *our* guilt, paying our ransom all!

We would see Jesus;—we are worn and weary  
Beneath the heat and burden of the day;  
Each with his load of care, or toil, or sorrow,  
Ready to faint and falter by the way.

Yet in the very path which we are treading,  
On earth, O Lord, we know thyself hast gone;  
Oh, to behold thee there, our Friend, our Brother,  
Guiding and guarding, as we journey on!

We would see Jesus;—dearest ties are breaking,  
Lovely and loving ones have left our side,—  
Is there one bond which death will not dis sever,  
One friend from whom the grave will not divide?  
There is! there is! the Lord of life remaineth,  
The same to-day as he hath been of yore;  
And faith, the everlasting Friend beholding,  
Can part from all beside, and weep no more.

We would see Jesus;—daily come we nearer  
To the dark valley and the lonely tomb,—  
Who shall uphold us on that unknown journey?  
What star of hope shall light us through the gloom?  
O Christ, forsake us not! thou dost remember  
Thy mortal anguish, on thy heavenly throne:  
Reveal thyself, when earth is disappearing,—  
Come in the hour of need and save thine own!

We would see Jesus;—oh, that blissful vision  
Is all we ask, to bid our fears depart!  
So shall we hasten on, in shade or sunshine,  
With step unwearied, and unshrinking heart.  
Abide with us, good Lord, the evening closes;  
No longer leave us, till the shadows flee,  
Till the bright morning dawn, when thou shalt call us  
For ever, where thou art, to dwell with thee.





## “GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.”

LUKE ii. 10.



HE asked an Indian brother,\* a warrior of old,  
How first among his people the Glad Tid-  
ings had been told?

How first the Morning Star arose on their long  
heathen night,

Till souls who “sat in darkness” were rejoicing in  
the light?

And he answered, “Many a summer has come and  
gone since then,

Yet well I can remember—I can see it all again.

---

\* John Tschcop, one of the first converts of the Moravian missionaries among the North American Indians.—See CRANTZ' *History*.

A teacher came among us, from the country of your  
birth,

And told us of the living God, who made the heaven  
and earth;—

But we asked if he had been a fool, or thought that  
we were so;

For who among our sons did *not* the one Great Spirit  
know?

So he left us;—and another told us much of sin and  
shame,

And how for sinners was prepared a lake of quench-  
less flame;—

But we bade him teach these things at home, among  
the pale-faced men,

And if *they* learned the lesson right, we too would  
listen then.

At last another stranger came, of calm and gentle mien,  
And eyes whose light seemed borrowed from yon blue  
the clouds between;

Still in my dreams I hear his voice, his smile I still  
can see,

Though many a summer he has slept beneath the  
cedar tree!

He told us of a Mighty One, the Lord of earth and  
sky,

Who left his glory in the heavens for men to bleed  
and die;

Who loved poor Indian sinners still, and longed to  
gain their love,

And be their Saviour here, and in his Father's house  
above.

And when his tale was ended—'My friends,' he  
gently said,

'I am weary with my journey, and would fain lay  
down my head;'—

So beside our spears and arrows he laid him down to  
rest,

And slept as sweetly as the babe upon its mother's  
breast.



Then we looked upon each other, and I whispered,  
    'This is new,—  
Yes, we have heard glad tidings, and that sleeper  
    knows them true;  
He knows he has a Friend above, or would he slumber  
    here,  
With men of war around him, and the war whoop in  
    his ear ?'

So we told him on the morrow, that he need not  
    journey on,  
But stay and tell us further of that loving, dying One.  
And thus we heard of Jesus first, and felt the won-  
    drous power  
Which makes his people willing in his own accepted  
    hour."

Thus spoke our Indian brother; and deeply, while  
    we heard,  
One cheering lesson seemed impressed, and taught by  
    every word—

How hearts, whose echoes silent long, no words of  
terror move,  
May answer from their inmost depths to the soft call  
of *love*.

O mighty love of Jesus! what wonders thou hast  
wrought!  
What victories thou yet shalt gain, surpassing human  
thought!  
Let Faith and Hope speed forward unto earth's  
remotest bound,  
Till every tribe and nation shall have heard the joyful  
sound!





**"THERE IS REST AT HOME."\***

**R**EST at home! the words were spoken on a  
journey long and drear,  
By a faithful, loving comrade, with a smile  
of hope and cheer;  
When with weariness and weakness I was sinking,  
overcome,—  
"Courage, brother! let us onward, there is rest for us  
at home!"

Rest at home! a deeper meaning even then my spirit  
knew,  
While a sweeter home than earth could give seemed  
brought before my view;

---

\* Suggested by an article in *The Family Paper*, March 1861.

And dearer, brighter hopes than he was seeking to  
impart,  
Gave new vigour to my sinking frame, new courage to  
my heart.

And though that toilsome journey is a trial long  
gone by,  
Still its memory I cherish, and I would not let it die;  
For in many a day of darkness, of perplexity, of  
pain,  
It has nerved me for the conflict, or the pilgrimage  
again.

In hours of midnight solitude, when soothing sleep  
has fled,  
And records of the varied past with a sad heart I have  
read,—  
When the burdens of the present hour, its duties and  
its care,  
Have seemed beyond what failing strength or feeble  
faith could bear,—

Or when looking to the future, with a deep foreboding  
sigh,

I have watched the dark'ning shadows of new troubles  
drawing nigh;—

Then, like a message from above, again the words  
have come,

"Courage, brother! hasten forward, there is rest for  
us at home!"

There, among the many mansions, by Himself pre-  
pared and blest,

Who called on earth the sinful and the weary to  
His rest;

Where error, and temptations, and afflictions all  
are o'er,

And the dread of coming partings shall oppress the  
heart no more,—

Oh! with this hope before us set, this prospect drawing  
near,

With every changing season, with each brief revolving  
year,

How gladly may we labour on, how earnestly  
obey,  
How lightly think of trials or of dangers by the  
way!





THE HILL DIFFICULTY.

“ I beheld then, that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty ; at the bottom of which was a spring ..... Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself.” (Isa. xli. 17, 18.)—BUNYAN.

**T**HOU must go forward, pilgrim !  
Right up the hill ;  
The path is straight before thee,  
Right onward still.  
By that ascent, so rugged,  
Thy Lord has gone ;  
His people all must follow,—  
Press boldly on !

Thou must go forward, pilgrim !  
Turn not aside,  
Try not the tempting byways  
Others have tried.

They have but strayed, and fallen  
To rise no more ;  
True danger lies behind thee,  
Safety before !

Thou must go forward, pilgrim !  
Yet linger,—stay  
One moment, at the fountain  
Here by the way.  
The Master, on his journey,  
Opened that spring,  
Refreshment to the weary,  
And strength to bring.

Hid in its depths of crystal  
A mirror lies,  
Where scenes of coming glory  
May meet thine eyes.  
Softly its murmuring waters  
Repeat a tale,  
Of mercy ever flowing,  
Never to fail.



Kneel by the brink, so verdant,—  
Bathe thy hot brow,—  
Drink of the waters deeply,—  
Press forward now!  
Dread not the midnight darkness,  
The lion's roar,—  
Destruction lies behind thee,  
Heaven is before!

Thou must go forward, Christian,  
O'er many a hill;  
Yet shrink not from the prospect,—  
Press onward still!  
Beside each mount of trial,  
Each toil or pain,  
The fountain of refreshment  
Shall flow again.

*May 1861.*





## THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

“And then, said they, we will, if the day be clear, shew you the Delectable Mountains. . . . So he looked, and, behold, at a great distance he saw a most pleasant mountainous country, . . . very delectable to behold, . . . and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence thou mayest see to the gate of the Celestial City.”—BUNYAN.



SEE them far away,—

In their calm beauty, on the evening  
skies;

Across the golden west their summits rise,

Bright with the radiance of departing day.

And often, ere the sunset light was gone,

Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,

As with new strength, all weariness and pain

Forgotten in the hope those blissful heights to gain.

Heaven lies not far beyond,—  
But these are hills of earth,—our changeful air  
Circles around them, and the dwellers there  
Still own mortality's mysterious bond.  
The ceaseless contact, the continued strife  
Of sin and grace, which can but close with life,  
Is not yet ended, and the Jordan's roar  
Still sounds between their path and the celestial shore.

But there, the pilgrims say,  
On these calm heights, the tumult and the noise  
Of all our busy cares and restless joys  
Has almost in the distance died away;—  
All the past journey "a right way" appears;  
Thoughts of the future wake no faithless fears;  
And through the clouds, to their rejoicing eyes,  
The City's golden streets and pearly gates arise.

Look up, poor fainting heart!  
These happy ones, in the far distance seen,  
Were sinful wanderers once, as thou hast been;  
Weary and sorrowful, as now thou art.

---

Linger no longer on the lonely plain,  
Press boldly onward, and thou too shalt gain  
Their vantage-ground, and then with vigour new  
All thy remaining race and pilgrimage pursue.

Ah! far too faint, too poor  
Are all our views and aims,—we only stand  
Within the borders of the promised land,  
Its precious things we seek not to secure;  
And thus our hands hang down, and oft unstrung  
Our harps are left the willow trees among;—  
Lord, lead us forward, upward, till we know  
How much of heavenly bliss may be enjoyed below !





LIVING WATERS. •

**I**N some wild legend of the East the story has  
been told,  
Of a fair and wondrous fountain, flowing in  
the times of old;  
Cold and crystalline its waters, bright glancing in  
the ray  
Of the summer moon at midnight, or sun at height  
of day.  
And a good angel, resting there, once in a favoured  
hour  
Infused into the limpid depths a strange, mysterious  
power;  
A hidden principle of life, to rise and gush again  
Where but some drops were scattered on the dry and  
barren plain.

So the traveller might journey, not now in fear and  
haste,

Far through the mountain-wilderness, far o'er the  
sandy waste,

If but he sought this fountain first, and from its  
wondrous store

The secret of unfailing springs along with him he  
bore.

Wild and fanciful the legend seems—yet may not  
meanings high,

Visions of better things to come, within its shadow  
lie?

Type of a fountain better far, to mortals now un-  
sealed,—

The great salvation, full and free, in Christ our Lord  
revealed?

Beneath the Cross those waters rise; and he who finds  
them there

All through the wilderness of life the living stream  
may bear;

And blessings follow in his steps, until where'er he  
goes,  
The moral wastes begin to bud and blossom as the  
rose.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, hasten to this fountain  
side !  
Drink freely of its waters pure,—drink, and be satis-  
fied.  
Yet linger not, but onward speed, and bear to all  
around  
Glad tidings of the love, and peace, and mercy thou  
hast found.

To Afric's pathless deserts, or to Greenland's frozen  
shore,—  
Where din of multitudes may sound, or savage  
monsters roar,—  
Wherever man may wander with his heritage of woe,  
To tell of brighter things above, go, brothers,  
gladly go !

Then, as of old in vision seen before the prophet's  
eyes,  
Broader and deeper, on its course, the stream of life  
shall rise ;  
And everywhere, as on it flows, shall carry light and  
love,  
Peace and goodwill to man on earth, glory to God  
above!







OUR WIDOWED QUEEN.

**I**F we have loved her, in the days of gladness,  
When all earth's choicest treasures were  
her own,

What do our hearts feel now, as we behold her  
In desolation and in tears, alone?

If we have honoured her, in days of glory  
And blessings rarely on a throne enjoyed,  
What is our reverence for the pious mourner,—  
The stricken one, "cast down, but not destroyed?"

If we have prayed for her, in days of brightness,  
Asking Heaven's richest gifts to crown her head,  
What is the fervour now of each petition  
For the sad widow weeping o'er her dead?

Let our tears answer, ever freshly flowing  
With each remembrance of that darkened home ;  
Let our prayers answer, night and morn ascending,  
From household altars, or cathedral dome.

She seemed so far removed, above, beyond us,  
In the full noonday blaze of pomp and power ;—  
Now she is all our own,—a woman weeping,  
As *we* have wept, in sorrow's darkest hour!

A nation's sympathy, a nation's prayers,—  
Oh, Lady, these are high and holy things!  
And the wild storm of woe, such fountains waking,  
Not grief alone, but blessing with it brings!

*January, 1862.*





ON LEAVING OUR OLD CHURCH.

To the Rev. T—— M——.

**W**E met once more, to-day,  
In our old house of prayer,  
With thoughts you could not know,  
Feelings you scarce could share;  
For busy Memory came  
And tarried with us there.

Bright pictures of the past,  
Records of years gone by,  
The magic mirror showed  
To many a tearful eye;—  
Scenes we can ne'er forget,  
Feelings that will not die.

A strangely varied train  
Of hopes, and joys, and woes;—  
Cares, from which weary hearts  
Here sought and found repose,—  
Sorrows, which He alone  
Whose mercy soothed them, knows,—

Moments of rapture high,—  
Calm hours of blissful rest,  
When every sin was known,  
Forgiven, as confessed,  
And the glad spirit felt  
Of all in Christ possess.

The pulpit words of power  
Scarce reached our hearts to-day;—  
An aged form seemed there,  
Bright in life's sunset ray,  
Whose voice of love *you* heard  
*But as he passed away!*

Forms you have never seen,—  
Voices you could not hear,—  
Honoured and loved on earth,  
And not in heaven less dear,—  
All were restored to-day,  
All seemed to re-appear!

Now, with a joyful heart,  
To a new, noble fane,  
You lead the way—and we  
Would not behind remain;  
Yet pardon, if we cast  
One backward glance again.

No! we go forward now,  
With heart and spirit free,  
And the old word of cheer  
We trust fulfilled to see,—  
“As I with Moses was  
So will I be with thee.”

*January 5, 1862.*



"I AM THINE, SAVE ME."

"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."—ISA. xliii. 1.



HEAR my soul's earnest plea,—  
Save, Lord, save even me,  
For I am thine.

This heart, once far astray,  
Now long has owned thy sway,  
Thy rights divine.

In yon lone, silent spot,  
Where I thy presence sought,  
Thy voice I heard;  
Obedient to thy call,  
To thee surrendered all,—  
Thou knowest, Lord!

Within yon house of prayer,  
One amid hundreds there,  
    My vows I paid;  
From other bonds set free,  
Body and soul to thee  
    An offering made.

Bear witness to it now,  
Angels, who heard the vow,  
    Unseen, yet near!  
And spirits of the blest,  
Now in the heavenly rest,  
    Then with me here!

Yet these I need not call ;—  
My God and Saviour, all  
    Was known to thee ;  
Where hundreds praying stood,  
Or in deep solitude,  
    All thou couldst see.

And thus, I dare to feel,  
I need not make appeal  
    To grace alone;  
The honour of thy name  
Is bound to grant my claim,  
    To save thine own.

Shall the dark Tempter boast  
That aught of thine is lost?  
    Shall it be told  
That *one* became his prey,  
Drawn by his might away  
    From out the fold?

Never! my soul, secure,  
Rests in the promise sure  
    Never to fail,—  
Though earth and hell combine,  
Against not one of thine  
    Shall they prevail.



Yet let me hear thy voice  
Again bid me rejoice  
That I am thine.—  
"Poor soul, so dearly bought,  
So freely loved,—fear not,  
For thou art Mine!"





## LULLABY.

**S**LEEP, baby, sleep!  
Fond eyes are watching round thy cradle bed,  
Fond prayers ascend for blessings on thy head;  
Fountains of love and hope, unknown before,  
Waked by that tiny hand, are flowing o'er;  
Joys long obscured by clouds of grief and pain,  
At the same gentle touch appear again;  
Sad, drooping hearts, have felt thy cheering power,  
Angel of comfort, from thine earliest hour!  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Haste not to open those sweet violet eyes  
On all the wonders of our clouded skies,—

The weariness of eve, the toil of noon,  
Knowledge of good and ill, must come too soon.  
All mortal joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,  
Wait 'midst the shadows of the future years;  
But now enjoy thy portion calm and blest,—  
Love deep and tender—soft and dreamless rest!  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
We will not look before;—we know that He,  
Our risen Lord, was once a child like thee,  
And now in heaven, as while he sojourned here,  
Still to his heart the “little ones” are dear.  
Oh, God of love and pity, hear our prayer,—  
Take our frail treasure to thy tender care!  
We trust her in the shadow of thy wings,  
The last and fairest of our precious things!  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

*August, 1862.*





## AUTUMN VOICES.

**V**OICES of autumn, I hear you again,  
Thro' the dark forest, across the wide plain,  
Deep in the valley, and high on the hill,  
In the old places all murmuring still.

Leaves slowly falling, and streams rushing fast,  
Evening breeze moaning, or night's fitful blast;—  
All the old voices again I can hear;  
Summer has passed away, winter is near.

Once, oh! how mournfully sounded each tone,  
Telling of happiness ended and flown;  
Youth and hope vanishing, joys passing by,  
*Age stealing* onward, or death drawing nigh!

Now it is over, that sadness and pain,  
With the old voices it comes not again,  
He who is gladdened by morning's bright ray,  
Thinks not of starlight then fading away.

Since the "glad tidings" spoke peace to this heart,  
Life's darkest shadows have seemed to depart ;  
All nature's voices one story have told,—  
Goodness unchanging, to-day as of old.

Autumn winds sweeping o'er fields brown and bare,  
Echo the reapers' song lingering there ;  
Autumn floods rushing by garner and store,  
Tell me of treasures in danger no more ;

Flowers in their fading, and leaves as they fall,  
Long days of brightness and beauty recall ;—  
Why should I sorrow that these are now past ?  
Heaven's cloudless summer for ever shall last.

Oh that life's autumn, like nature's, may bring  
Some precious harvest from summer and spring !  
Fruits which the Master may deign to approve,  
Laid on his altar, in meekness and love !





**"THY WILL BE DONE."**

**F**OUR little words,—no more,—  
Easy to say;  
But thoughts that went before,  
Can words convey?

The struggle, only known  
To one proud soul,  
And Him, whose eye alone  
Has marked the whole,—

Before that stubborn will  
At last was broke,  
And a low "Peace, be still!"  
One soft Voice spoke.

The pang, when that sad heart  
Its dreams resigned,  
And strength was found to part  
Those bonds long twined,—

To yield that treasure up,  
So fondly clasped,—  
To drain that bitter cup,  
So sadly grasped!—

But all is calm at last,—  
"Thy will be done!"  
Enough,—the storm is past,  
The field is won.

Now for the peaceful breast,  
The quiet sleep,—  
For soul and spirit rest,  
Tranquil and deep;



Rest, whose full bliss and power  
They only know,  
Who knew the bitter hour  
Of restless woe.

The rebel will subdued,  
The fond heart free ;  
"Thy will be done,"—all good  
That comes from Thee.

All weary thought and care,  
Lord, we resign ;  
Ours is to do—to bear,—  
To choose is thine.

Four little words,—no more,—  
Easy to say ;  
But what was felt before,  
Can words convey ?





## PASSING AWAY.

**P**ASSING away! how sad the thought!  
From all of bright and fair below,—  
From songs of spring, and summer flowers,  
And autumn sunset's radiant glow.  
Never to gaze and muse again  
On the blue ocean's sounding shore,—  
To wander through the smiling vale,  
To climb the mountain heights no more!

Hush that deep sigh, O faithless heart!  
All that was lovely here, and bright,  
Has shone with but a borrowed ray,  
Reflected from celestial light.  
If under sin and sorrow's shade  
Such beauty has adorned thy way,  
What must remain to be revealed,  
*In the good land of perfect day?*

Passing away! how sad the thought!  
From all that makes this heart rejoice;—  
The fellowship of kindred souls,  
The music of affection's voice,  
The look, the smile, the words of love,  
All the dear ties around me twined,  
All the sweet counsel fondly shared,  
All these to lose—to leave behind!

Hush that deep sigh, O faithless heart!  
Who thinks or says that Love can die?  
An exile here, and "stranger guest,"  
Her native home is in the sky.  
If pilgrims through the stranger land  
Can find communion here so sweet,  
What shall the joy, the rapture be,  
When in their Father's house they meet?

Passing away!—untrodden path,—  
Mysterious journey, dark, unknown,—  
The mortal shelter cast aside,  
The spirit going forth, alone!

From the strange prospect shrinking back,  
I look, and long for some kind hand,  
Some friendly voice, to cheer, to guide  
Through the deep water floods to land!

Where is thy faith, O doubting heart?  
Hath not thy Saviour gone before?  
Down the dark valley, through the flood,  
The burden of our guilt he bore.  
'Tis He who calls thee; fear not now,  
Follow his guiding hand of love;  
Praise him for mercies here below,  
Trust him for better things above!





